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Justin Polycarp and Martyr.

(Some Chapters from the History of the Early Centuries, retold by Lucy Taylor, in the 'Sunday at Home,' from 'The Story of the Faith.')

While Ignatius was rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for the sake of Jesus, and boldly meeting a cruel death for love to that Divine Master, a little heathen lad was growing up in the land of Samaria, the child of Greek parents who knew nothing of that Holy Name, except to treat it with scorn and contempt.

POLYCARP SETS A MEAL BEFORE THE SOLDIERS WHO HAVE COME TO SEIZE HIM

Justin Martyr was born in 103, and when he reached eighteen or twenty years of age, he began to think a great deal about the various teachings of the wise men of the nation to which he belonged. His father and mother were Pagans, and had taught him to worship idols; but Justin was not satisfied; he wanted God, not troops of Greek deites, and he did not know where to find him, nor which way to turn in the search after truth, for he had no New Testament, nor Christian friends, yet he set out on the search without any guide, and his Father in heaven was watching him all the time, and after a while led him into the light.

Justin went from one learned philosopher to another, but none of them could give him the Bread of Life for which his soul was hungering. The followers of Plato he admired most, but he did not find what he wanted even from them, and he turned away once more disappointed. One day when he was walking alone by the water-side very sad and very perplexed, an old man overtook him and began to talk; he was as grave and wise-looking as one of the Greek philosophers, but his face was not stern and hard, but sweet and kind, and Justin liked to hear him speak. The old man was a Christian, and he told the youth that he was sure all he had learned from the great teachers had not made his life any better, or touched his heart. Justin knew this to be true, and he listened very eagerly as his companion told him that long before these Greek philosophers, 'there lived righteous Hebrews, the friends of God; they spoke by his Spirit; they were called prophets, and they told men that which they learned from the Holy Spirit; they worshipped the great Creator and Father, and his Son Jesus Christ.' Then the old man bid Justin to pray that 'the gates of life' might be opened to him also, for no man, said he could understand these things without the teaching of Christ himself.

When once more alone, a bright glimmer of light sprang up in Justin's heart. He watched the Christians, and listened to what they had to say. He saw them living holy lives and patiently suffering cruel persecutions; he learned more about their Lord and Master, the Holy Spirit taught him of Jesus, and soon he became a Christian. 'I have cast aside,' says he, 'all the vain desires of men; I glory now only in being a Christian, and desire to appear as a Christian in the face of the world.'

Justin afterwards wrote a book in defence of the Christians, and sent it to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, entreating him not to persecute them, and showing what cruel lies had been told about their conduct. Later, he wrote a second book and sent it to the next Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, hoping to save two Christians who were condemned to death; but his efforts were fruitless, and very soon he was himself taken prisoner, and brought, with six others, before Rusticus, the Prefect of Rome. He was accused of dishonoring the gods, and replied that Christ was his Master, and that he must worship and obey him. Then Rusticus enquired if he had been led away by the teaching of the Nazarene. Justin told him how he had tried in vain to find truth or rest among the Greek philosophers, and that he had at last found it in Jesus Christ alone, and accepted him as his Saviour.

The Prefect asked what the Christian faith was, and Justin explained it, and told him how Jesus met with his people wheverer they gathered together to pray to him, and that one day he would go to dwell with his Lord on high. 'If I scourge you from head to foot, and then cut off your head, will you go to heaven?' scoffed Rusticus; but Justin was not to be moved from his faith, and declared that he was ready to suffer, and that his Lord would receive him. The judge then asked all six of the captives if they were Christians, and one by one each declared his faith in Jesus, and refused to sacrifice to idols. One of them, who was a poor slave, said, 'I am the slave of Caesar, but Jesus Christ has made me free, and I have the same hope of glory as my companions.'

Rusticus threatened the prisoners with torture, but he could not shake their devotion to their Lord, and they were all led away to prison, cruelly scourged, and at last beheaded, parted from each other by but a few moments on earth, to meet for ever round the throne of the King, who was waiting to give his faithful servants the crown of life.

When Ignatius passed through Smyrna on his way to Rome, and bade farewell to the bishop there, Polycarp was much younger than he, and for long years after Ignatius was martyred, Polycarp lived in that eastern city, telling his people of the words he had heard from the Apostle John, and boldly professing the Name of Jesus. He was Bishop of Smyrna for a very long time, and it is even thought that he may have been that 'Angel of the Church' when John wrote his letters to the seven churches of Asia, in which we find this message to Smyrna, 'Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer.'

But the things that Polycarp was to suffer did not come upon him till very late in life. He seems to have escaped all the persecution which swept away thousands of Christians during the reigns of Domitian, Trajan, and Antoninus Pius, and though some of his own flock were tortured and killed, Polycarp was not taken prisoner till the year 167, when Marcus Aurelius was emperor. Polycarp did not desire death so eagerly as Ignatius had done. He did what he could to save his life, though he was quite ready to suffer when his Master called him to do so. When his persecutors sought for him he took refuge for a time, by the wish of his friends, at a farmhouse a little way from the city, and while there is said to have dreamed that his pillow was on fire, and to have understood that Christ intended him to die in the flames for his sake. He fled to a village near, but when his enemies discovered his hiding-place he came down to them from an upper room quite calmly, ready, he said, to accept the will of God, whatever it might be. He set a meal before the soldiers who had come to seize him, and then begged them to let him have an hour for prayer, which they granted; and they were so astonished at his peaceful face, and his courageous manner, that they were half afraid to lay hands on him, and ashamed, too, that they

must make a prisoner of one so aged and so holy.

But the rough men were obliged to obey their captain, so they brought Polycarp back to Smyrna, where an officer named Herod met him, taking the venerable captive up into his chariot and trying to persuade him to give honor to false gods, and so to save his life. Polycarp steadily refused, and Herod grew angry and pushed him roughly back into the road, so that the old man fell and hurt himself. But he made no complaint, and followed the soldiers as well as he could to the place where the public games were held, a great crowd being assembled. At this moment the brave sufferer seemed to hear above the noise around him the sweet sound of a voice from heaven saying, 'Be strong, Polycarp, and contend manfully.'

And Polycarp did 'contend manfully.' The Pro-consul tried to induce him to give up his faith in Jesus; he was so aged, he said, he must not allow himself to be put to death. 'Reproach Christ,' he added, 'and I will let you go.' But Polycarp was not to be tempted. 'Eighty and six years have I served Christ,' he replied, 'and he never once did me a wrong; and how can I now blaspheme my King who has saved me?'

'Swear then, by Caesar,' said the Pro-consul; but the captive only answered that he could not do that, being a Christian. 'But I have wild beasts at hand,' returned the governor. 'If you do not repent you shall be thrown to them to be devoured!' 'Call them,' replied the bishop calmly, 'I fear them not, and I cannot repent of a thing that is good.' 'Then I will send you to the fire,' was the next threat hurled at the prisoner; but with shining face Polycarp told his judge that for him the flames had no terrors, and bid him inflict any punishment he chose without delay.

Herod hardly knew what to do, for he was unwilling to give up the old man to a painful death, but he sent a herald to proclaim among the people 'Polycarp confesses that he is a Christian;' and then the angry crowd, like that which had raged round the judgment hall of Pilate shouting 'Crucify Him,' called out that Polycarp must die, and clamored for a lion to be let loose upon him. But the time for these terrible spectacles was over for the present, and the cruel desire was refused, so the people declared that the holy bishop should be burned alive, and began to collect wood for a fire.

Polycarp was given up to their will, and meekly took off his upper clothing and stood by the stake; but he refused to be fastened to it, saying, 'Leave me as I am. He who giveth me strength to sustain the fire will also enable me to remain in it without flinching.' His hands were tied behind him, and he prayed fervently, thanking God for the honor of being reckoned among the martyrs of Jesus; and then the fire was lighted, and was said to have made a glowing arch round the martyr's body, which glistened like gold in the furnace. This was only the wind blowing aside the flames, and before the fire could do its dreadful work, one of the soldiers plunged a sword to Polycarp's heart and released the martyr from his sufferings. The body was afterwards burned to ashes, and the bones, 'more precious than gold and Jewels,' gathered up by those who dearly loved the saintly bishop, and reverently buried.

Polycarp wrote an epistle to the church at Philippi, but he was most occupied with teaching his own flock the truths he had heard from John. 'I could point out where the blessed Polycarp sat to teach,' wrote his disciple, Irenaeus; 'and I could repeat what he said to the people, and recall the stories he used to relate of those who had seen the Lord's face on earth. He was constantly telling what he had heard from them of the words and the miracles of Christ.'

With Polycarp passed away the last link to the Apostles; but if there were now no longer any teachers living who could remember the faces of Peter, and Paul and John, their words could never be lost, for through the apostles' lips they had been spoken by One who said, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.'

The Bird With a Broken Pinion.

I walked in the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And found on a bed of mosses,
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wing, and each morning
It sang its old, sweet strain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken,
By sin's seductive art,
And touched by a Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart;
He lived with a nobler purpose,
And struggled not in vain,
But the life that sin had stricken,
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion,
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin had stricken,
Raised another from despair;
Each loss has its own compensation,
There's healing for each pain,
But the bird with a broken pinion,
Never soars as high again.

—H. Butterworth.

The Remarkable Question of a Child.

During a revival, a man who had been very worldly-minded was awakened, but for some time concealed his feelings, even from his own wife, who was a praying woman. She left him one evening in charge of his little girl of three years of age. His anxiety of mind became so great that he walked the room in his agony. The little girl noticed his agitation, and inquired, 'What ails you, papa?' He replied, 'Nothing,' and endeavored to quiet his feelings, but all in vain. The child looked up sympathizingly in his face, and inquired, with childish simplicity, 'Papa, if you were dry, wouldn't you go and get a drink of water?' The father started as if a voice from heaven had fallen on his ear. He thought of his thirsty soul famishing for the waters of life; he thought of the living fountains opened in the Gospel; he believed and straightway fell at the Saviour's feet. From that hour he dates the dawning of a new light and beginning of a new life.—Australian 'Spectator.'

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Why Hindoo Young Men Read the Bible.

'If I had remained in Midnapore my Hinduism would be gone by this time.'

It was the young man who teaches me Bengali who made this admission as he sat in my room one day. He had come to read the Bible with me, and some passage had brought to his mind the case of a young friend of his who, remaining in Midnapore, and so more directly under the influence of the missionaries, had turned from the ancinet belief of his fathers, had given up home and friends, and become a Christian. The conversation which followed was exceedingly interesting, because it brought out clearly the hold that Christian thought is getting upon these Hindu young men, and the far-reaching influence of mission schools.

These two boys had been pupils in the mission school in Midnapore. One, in the face of the sorrow and displeasure of his widowed mother, who must not keep him in her home because of public disapproval, had boldly come out as a Christian. The other, though still professing to be a rigid Hindu, received such a bent in the right direction as had removed from his mind all prejudice against Christians and their peculiar beliefs, and led him, when recently he visited this young friend of his, to counsel him to stand by his colors if he believed he was in the right. We spoke of the desertion of his friends, and my pundit expressed wonder over it and an inability to understand why they should thus treat him.

'But,' one present remarked, 'of course they hate Christianity, and would naturally turn from any one who took it up.'

And then followed what seemed to me a remarkable admission from the lips of a devout Hindu. He said:

'But we do not all hate it. At one time there was a company of us who met together to study the Bible. We did not hate Christianity. It is like this. Our own religion is very hard to understand. The books are all written in Sanskrit, and we cannot easily read them. We have no means of learning it, and no one to teach us. The schools do not teach it. We do things and performs acts of worship without understanding why we do them. And so we, those among us who are naturally inclined to be religious, turn to the Bible because we want something, some religious teaching, and we can understand that.'

That Hindus do not teach their own beliefs in their own schools may occasion surprise, especially in these days when they are adopting the methods of Christians so largely, and when earnest minded Hindus see that without religious teaching of any kind young India is bound to be destroyed. A Hindu gentleman explained this lack to me when speaking of the attempt now being made to establish a college in which Hinduism shall have a prominent place. He said that it was an impossibility; that Hinduism could not be taught in college. I said that Christianity was. He admitted that, but said that the case was different, because Hinduism and the thought of to-day, which must be taught in any college, are diametrically opposed, and where the one held sway the other could not hope for a hearing.

The hoary faith which has held sway in this land so many centuries is not dead. Hindus can be as bitter and relentless against our religion as ever they could, but it is certainly true that surely, if slowly, the light is spreading, and from unexpected quarters the evidence is often forthcoming.—Kate A. Blair, of Tamluk, India, in 'World-Wide Missions.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Children's Holiday.

(Marianne Farningham, in the 'Christian World.')

They could not sleep for joy;
  And the early daybreak came
To the sultry city homes
  As if to call the name
Of each little one, who, singing,
Saw a glad new life beginning.

'We are going to watch the bees
  And toss the new-mown hay,
Sleep underneath the trees
  And see the lambs at play.'
So sang they in their gladness,
Who oft had known much sadness.

And swiftly borne away
  To a fair new land of green
Were the little ones that day.
  And the skies had never seen
More pale and wistful faces
Look upwards from their places.

If those who bore the cost
  Had seen the children then!
Wonder, delight and awe
  Transformed their faces when
God's world, so green and golden,
Was by their eyes beholden!

The multitudes of flowers
  Were ready to their hands;
'And is this garden ours?'
  'Twas hard to understand
That none would come to bid them stay
Their harvesting through that glad day!

Their joy was like a prayer,
  Asking of God to bless
The givers, all unknown,
  Of so much happiness!
And none can say how much of praise
Comes from the children's holidays.

'Meg.'

In the 'Examiner' was once told a story of the influence of a well-known hymn upon a hardened woman whom it took back to the days of her better youth, and also upon a child who never until her dying day had heard of Christ. The story begins with the child.

She could neither read nor write, and answered only to the name of 'Meg.' She was slight and small because she had been sometimes abused, and always poorly fed. Her face was very freckled, for a hat was not numbered among her possessions. Her hair was very red and very tousled; it was not at all pretty, for no one had ever cared for it, least of all its owner herself. Sometimes, perhaps, when she was very hungry, she would take an apple from the stall of the poor blind woman on the corner and would not pay for it. She could not have paid for it if she wished to, for she never had any money.

But there was one thing Meg could do, and that right well. She could sing; not the colorless repetition of some vocalists, but, when she forgot the words, she could warble like the birds, with her head saucily turned, and her great gray eyes laughing with joy at the sound. To hear a song once was enough for her; she never forgot the melody. The words might sometimes escape her memory, but she rapidly improvized others, and sang on gayly.

When Meg was about twelve years old a mission station was opened near the row where she stayed most of the time; and one day, as she was passing, she heard floating through the open doorway the words:

'There is a fountain filled with blood,
  Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
  Lose all their guilty stains.'

What it meant Meg did not know. But the old, peaceful air somehow pleased her fancy, and she sang it over and over again, as she went her way, in tones clear and pure and sweet. Passers-by turned and looked at her, for Meg was so very ragged and dirty that it seemed impossible such melody could issue from her lips; but unconscious of the incongruity, she carolled blithely on as she trudged along—whither she knew not.

Her wandering attention was soon attracted by a street fight between two women, and, pausing, she watched them, while the song rang out above their discordant cries. Having edged her way to the centre of the crowd, still singing as she went, the conflict suddenly ceased, and one of the women, whose face was coarse and bleared from the effects of a constant use of liquor, came toward her, and with tense eyes listened wistfully. At the end of the lines, only part of which Meg could remember, the woman said, pleadingly:

'Go on, sissy. My poor old mother, back in New England, used ter sing me that. Go on, sissy.'

And Meg, thoughtless of anything but to please, obligingly warbled the message. The woman's hard face softened, as memories of a pure home were revived by the song; and then, covering her face, she sank on the ground and wept sobbingly. Again and again Meg sang the old, old story, and then the woman asked tremulously:

'Where did you hear it, sis? If I'm not too bad, I'll go. For if ever there was a sinner, I'm that one. God have pity on me!'

'This way. I'll show you. Come along,' returned Meg, and taking her hand, led her toward the room where the door was always open for the rest and help of the sin-sick souls of the people who entered.

With great wondering eyes, Meg watched the delicate-faced, white-haired woman who approached them, and in low tones spoke to them. What was said to the still sobbing woman was lost on Meg, except the one phrase:

'You know the dear Lord Jesus gave his life for you, and this little girl here.'

Meg pondered on what she had heard, and vaguely wondered who 'Jesus' was, and how he had died. She was very sure she had never seen him, and also that no one would ever die for her. She knew what death, in all its appalling dreadfulness was, and could not understand why anybody would willingly seek such an end.

Soon she silently slipped away, still thinking on what she had heard, and utterly unconscious of herself and surroundings. Crossing the street in front of the room, toward the Row, with lowered eyes, and humming to herself her song, she heeded not the passing teams, and before she was half-way across she was knocked down and run over by a heavy drag. A man who was passing, seeing the accident, hurried toward her and tenderly lifted and carried her back to the cool, pleasant room. There willing hands waited on her, for they saw she was wounded to the death.

Opening her eyes in a few moments, Meg said, softly:

'She said, "Jesus" died for me.' Then in a pitifully weak voice, she tried to sing:

'There is a fountain filled with blood,
  And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.'

But the sweet, low voice hardly carried to the opposite side of the room. Pausing a moment to rest, she added: 'She said she was a "sinner." What's that?'

The childish brain was very clear and utterly unconscious of the pain, as is sometimes the case in a fatal injury, when the nerves are paralyzed.

With a new, happy look, the woman, standing patiently near, kneeled beside the crushed form as it lay stretched on a bench, and whispered softly:

'Yes, little one. I was a sinner, but this Jesus took all my sins away. He can take yours, too, if you just say: "Jesus, I want you to come and stay in my heart."'

'And the "fountain"—will I be—"plunged"—in—it?' feebly and slowly questioned the little child.

'Yes, dear. Jesus will cleanse you, and make you to live with him.'

'Me?' incredulously.

'Yes, and he will love and care for you always.'

'For me?'

'Yes.'

'And I won't never be tired nor hungry nor lonely any more?'

'No.'

'Then I'll say it,' and the voice was very low and faint. 'Jesus, I want—what's—the—rest?'

'Say what you most want, dear.'

'Jesus, I most want to be—clean inside—and happy—like this lady looks. She says you ken do it. Here I am. And — Jesus — I — want — you — to — come — for — Meg. Meg — is — so — tired — now — you — know—Jesus—'

A little quiver of the slight form, a happy smile settling over the young lips, and the watchers knew she was at peace, and that Jesus had indeed 'come for Meg.'

And what of the woman? She still lives, born anew by the power of the Holy Spirit, and is devoting her life to work for the children of the slums in our great city, and to them she often tells the short story of Meg, who brought a soul to the blessed Christ, and then herself learned of and received him so beautifully. Meg's life on earth is ended, but the record of her simple and responsive faith still lives, and proves that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

The Engineer's Story.

We were sitting in the yard's master's office at Waldron, waiting for the fast freight to come in. Our conversation had drifted around to the subject of wrecks that we had been in, and our engineer, Harry Belden, said, 'Boys, let me tell you of the wreck I had on the old T. P. and N.':

I was running freight on the mountain division, and I was called one stormy morning in December to take a train of empties out. Somehow, I felt down-hearted that morning, and I asked the caller to get another man for the trip, but he said that I was the only available man, so I had to go. When I went down to the round house, I found that my regular fireman had reported sick and an extra, named Murphy, was to go over the mountain with us.

Well, I sent him to draw the stoves and I got the old 406 ready. Finally we got out of the yard, dragging forty empties after us. Nothing unusual happened going west, and when we fell down the hill into Homer at the other end of the run, I felt pretty good again. We put the engine away, and after cleaning up a bit, went over to the hotel for supper; then to bed for a little rest before the return trip. About midnight our best friend, the caller, was after us, and as I signed his book, I asked him what we were to haul east.

'Don't know, Harry,' he said; 'there's a stock train coming and a freight of slow; guess you will get the slow freight, though.'

'Just my luck, when I want to get home,' I growled out.

Everything seemed to go wrong that night. It was raining and freezing as fast as it fell, and to make matters worse, the wind was from the east, and I couldn't half see. It seemed as if the sleet and wind would cut my eyes out when I tried to look out the windows. After oiling up, I started to get the 406 off the engine track, and the first thing I did was to run smack into a draft of empty cars some yard man had left standing without lights on. Well, I did not hurt the cars much, but I had to take the 406 back into the house for repairs. The round-house foreman gave me an old scrap pile of an engine, No. 294, and when at last I got over into the yard, the stock train was gone, so, of course, I had to take the slow freight out.

My! what a trip that was. First we would break loose; then about the time we would find the rear end and get started again, some passenger train would be due, and we would have to pull in on the middle track. To make matters worse, Murphy couldn't make any steam, and taken all together, I began to wish that I was running a farm, instead of an engine. I guess my ill-humor got contagious, for Murphy commenced to swear like a pirate at the old engine. Now, boys, you know that is something that I never allow a man to do on my engine, for I love the Lord God, and if I do have my faults, still I try to serve him. So I told Murphy that he had better let up on the swearing and take it out in firing. He just growled out something about not being able to get such an engine hot. At last we arrived at Clinton, and I commenced to feel better, for we only had a four-mile pull from there, then a drop of eighteen miles down the mountain into Albany yards, then home. While we were taking water, Smith, the conductor, came out of the telegraph office and said to me:

'Harry, we are to fill out to forty-five cars here, and the 165 is to push us over the hill.'

Then Murphy broke loose again. He swore at everything and everybody, from the president of the road to the train despatcher and back again. Well, I felt mad myself, but I talked a couple of minutes to him about the love of God for sinners, and especially swearing railway men, and asked him to go easy the rest of the trip.

At last we got away, and with the 165 pushing us we sailed over the hill in pretty good shape. But the engineer of the pusher engine thought he would give us good measure, and he helped us down the hill about a quarter of a mile, and there is where the trouble commenced. We had hardly gone a mile before I knew that the train was beyond control. I whistled for brakes several times, although I knew that the crew had about all the brakes on already that they could get at. I worked the engine in the reverse motion, but that did no good. All that I could do was to keep the whistle going, in hopes that the signal men in the telegraph offices that we passed would telegraph ahead to Albany and we could get a clear track through the yards. My fireman, Murphy, crawled upon the seat beside me, and said, 'Harry, what will we do? Shall we jump off?'

I told him it was certain death to jump off and in all probability we would be killed when we ran into Albany yards. Then in just a couple of minutes I told him of his swearing, and advised him to make his peace with God. He asked me if I thought God would forgive him. I told him that he certainly would. He then asked me what he should do, and I hurriedly told him to talk to the Master in prayer, and if he surely meant to serve him, if his life was spared, God would save his soul.

By this time we were running into the Albany yards, for we had come down that eighteen mile hill in just about sixteen minutes. I was not scared very much, for a little passage from God's Word had come to me. It was, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

Well, boys, we did not find a clear track through the yards, but crashed into a loaded train, and it made an awful wreck. The old 294 and Murphy and I went up in the air together, then we came down and were buried under the wreckage. After a bit, I got my senses, and felt around and found Murphy's body alongside of me, and seeing a little light, dragged myself and him out into the air. We were both badly bruised and cut, but not seriously hurt. After a bit Murphy opened his eyes, and what do you suppose was the first thing he said?

He said, 'Harry, suppose we thank God for sparing our lives. I belong to him from now on!'

Together we knelt on the ground by that pile of broken and twisted cars, and we gave thanks to him who is always with his children to protect and keep in time of danger. Although we escaped with our lives, my three brakemen were killed. I left that road shortly after the wreck. Murphy is still there, running an engine and living for Christ. God has blessed him, and is using him in bringing his fellow trainmen out of sin into liberty as it is in Christ Jesus. That's my story, boys. That is one of the reasons why I am always preaching, as you call it.

Just then the fast freight came in and we went out to work, feeling that it was indeed a wonderful story that our old engineer had told us.

(Note.—This is not a fanciful story. With the exception of a change of names of the men and plans, it is substantially true. Harry Belden is to-day running an engine on a great railway in the middle States, and as he speeds along over the road on his engine, finds many opportunities of sowing seed for the Master.)
—Brevet, in 'The Christian Alliance and Volunteers' Gazette.'

'The Jamesville Nine.'

(Gussie Packard DuBois, in 'Christian Work.')

A bang of an outer door, hurried footsteps and a boy's voice shouting, 'Where's mother?' broke in upon the quiet of Nellie Brush's sewing hour, as her brother Taylor dashed in from school. But she was used to such noisy entrances, and only looked up to smile and say, 'Gone to missionary meeting. Why, what's up?'

'The Nine meets this afternoon, and I must get over there in a hurry. Say, talk about playing, why, we just mopped up the Averys yesterday, wiped them out, and we've got to do some tall practicing between now and vacation so we can beat the Hillsides.'

'But how about your finger? You thought it was broken yesterday.'

'Pshaw! do you suppose a fellow is going to stop for a little thing like that and lose the game? Not much; feel that;' and he doubled up his arm to show his muscle, which she dutifully felt and praised, then got him his gloves and told him where his shoes were, and off he went.

Nellie sat thinking for a while, her hands idly folded on her sewing; then her face lighted up, she clapped her hands together, and said half aloud, 'Hooray, I have it! We'll call ourselves the Jamesville Nine, and see if the grit they put into their play won't make our work more.'

Just then Mrs. Brush returned and the plan was unfolded to her.

'You see, mamma, there will be just nine of us with Grace King, and I know she will come in if there's anything new, and if we can only work as hard as the boys play, the Girls' Missionary Society may come to life again. It's dead as a door nail now.'

'Why not run out and ask the girls to tea to-night and talk it over?'

'That's just the thing, you always know what to do, mamma,' said Nellie, lovingly, as she put away her work. Truly, she was one of the mothers who always know just what to do. The girls and boys, too, were always welcome to her table, and though often they sat down to plain food, the welcome and the helpful words more than made up for any lack. So just as the shadows were lengthening over the old orchard, Nellie and eight of her girl friends were gathered around the table, and Nellie was unfolding her plan. There were Oh's and Ah's, and Won't that be gay? from all the girls, until thoughtful, practical Mary Brown said, 'But how will we make any money these hard times?'

'I know one way,' said Nellie; 'the boys get so hungry playing ball that they sometimes pay as much as seventy-five cents, the players and the crowd, and all at the store for candy. You know Grace makes such nice candy, and twenty cents' worth of molasses goes a long way. Why not help her make it and take turns selling it; have a nice little table, Taylor will make that, and an umbrella and chair, right down near the grounds.'

This suggestion was received with applause, and Mary took courage to say, 'I know something else if we want to do it. Mrs. Gray hasn't any nurse, and she said if any of us girls would take care of Baby Robbie Friday mornings while she has the club meeting at her house she would give us twenty-five cents a morning.'

'Of course we will,' was the chorus.

Then Mrs. Brush had a word. 'Girls,' she said, 'you know they have no janitor at the church; now it is summer time, and you all do housework at home, you might take care of that for two weeks while they find one. You and Nellie, Mary, live so near, you could go together and light up,' for the church was only two doors away, being between the two houses.

Coming from Mrs. Brush, who always knew what was best for them, all this was received with enthusiasm, and the girls crowded around the table where Nellie, Grace and Mary were sitting, and pledged the success of the Jamesville Nine' in dainty cups of chocolate.

Well, time passed by, the candy was made and sold, and greedily eaten by the other 'nine,' and the church began to improve in appearance. First, the windows looked clean, and good Deacon B. almost missed the thread of the sermon one morning because a particular

cobweb to which he was accustomed was missing. Then the lamps began to shine, and finally the girls worked with such a will that the trustees made a very unusual offer to them for the summer, which they accepted, remembering the boys' whim and broken fingers when they felt disposed to give up.

As to Robbie, sometimes it was lovely when the sun was warm, and he was all smiles, looking like a little white flower in his white bonnet, and the girls could make daisy chains for him. But there were days when it was very stormy and baby was cross, and it took all their determination to keep on. But patience and perseverance work wonders, and when at the close of the vacation the 'Jamesville Nine' gathered around Mrs. Brush's pleasant tea-table again to compare notes, they were all amazed and delighted, as the little hoards were added together, at the goodly sum it made. From that moment its success was assured, and I doubt not many another nine might be formed among the girls elsewhere with equal success.

The Power of Prayer.

'No,' said the lawyer, 'I shan't press your claim against the man; you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please.'

'Think there isn't any money in it?'

'There would probably be some little money in it; but it would come from the sale of the little house that the man occupies and calls his "home." But I don't want to meddle with the matter anyhow.'

'Got frightened out of it, eh?'

'Not at all.'

'I suppose likely the fellow begged hard to be let off?'

'Well, yes; he did.'

'And you gave in, most likely?'

'Yes.'

'What in the world did you do?'

'I believe I shed a few tears.'

'And the old fellow begged you hard, you say?'

'No, I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me.'

'Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?'

'God Almighty.'

'Ah, he took to praying, did he?'

'Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough, and I knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of the door a cosy sitting-room, and there, on the bed, with her silver head high on the pillows, was an old lady who looked for the world just as my mother did the last time I saw her on earth. Well, I was on the point of knocking when she said, "Come, father, now begin; I'm all ready." And down on his knees by her side went an old white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began. First he reminded God that they were still his submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what he saw fit to bring upon them they should not rebel at his will. Of course, 'twas going to be very hard for them to go homeless in their old age, especially with mother so sick and helpless, and O how different it all might have been if only one of the boys had been spared! Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole from under the coverlid, and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated! But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse—a place they prayed to be delivered from entering, if it could be consistent with God's will. And then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. And at last he prayed God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice.'

The lawyer then continued, more slowly than even, 'And—I—believe I'd rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night than to stain my heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that.'

'Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?'

'Bless your soul, man, you could not defeat it,' said the lawyer. 'I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we were told to make known our desire unto God; but of all the pleadings I ever heard, that beat all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood. And why was I sent to hear that prayer? I'm sure I don't know—but I hand the case over.'

'I wish,' said the client twisting uneasily, 'you hadn't told me about the old fellow's prayer.'

'Why so?'

'Well, because I want the money the place would bring; I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I hate to run counter to what you tell about it, and another time I would not listen to petitions not intended for my ears.'

The lawyer smiled.

'My dear fellow,' he said, 'you are wrong again. It was intended for my ears, and yours; too; and God Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing about "God moves in a mysterious way," I remember.'

'Well, my mother used to sing it, too,' said the claimant, as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. 'You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell "mother and him" the claim has been met.'

'In a mysterious way,' added the lawyer, smiling.—Boston 'Globe.'

A Broken Dish—A True Story

'I can vouch for the truth of this story, little girls, for it happened in my own family,' said Mrs. Grant, as the children crowded all around her to listen to one of her customary tales. Mrs. Grant was visiting their mother, and there was no event so delightful, nor any comer so entertaining as 'Aunt Ann,' who, out of the unending fund of personal recollection, had something to amuse or to delightfully instruct them.

'Do let us have that,' pleaded Fanny and Susie.

So Mrs. Grant began:

Not so very long ago, one of my kind neighbors sent us a waiter filled with good things, among which was a small but very quaintly shaped glass dish of conserves: we enjoyed the treat, as you may well imagine, and then one of my daughters, unwilling to trust the pretty dishes to a servant, began very carefully to wash them herself; when most unexpectedly and in some unforeseen way the attractive little glass dish suddenly became cracked all through and unfit to return to the kind owner.

You know your Cousin Mary's tender heart must have ached as she viewed the catastrophe: and the wonder grew upon her as to the possibility of being able to replace it; for evidently it was one of a set, and as I have said, of unusual shape and pattern.

But bravely she met the situation—put on her hat and went to the stores to find a mate for it; vain, however, was her search over the whole city; nothing like it could be found.

She came home quite upset, and mortified at the thought of having to return our friend a broken dish.

The case seemed hopeless; but well she knew to whom to apply for all needed help.

Calling Martha, her elder sister, she told her the story of the disaster, of her effort to remedy it, and said: 'Let us together ask the Lord's help, claiming his promise to "two," and believing that he will help us.'

So these two sisters kneeled down and told Jesus, throwing their helplessness upon his strength, and rose up strangely comforted and went their quiet way.

That very afternoon, the sisters were quite astonished on being told there was a strange lady calling to see them—a young married lady of another church, upon whom they had not as yet called; but a very charming young woman they were glad to know.

The three met, and during a very pleasant conversation, somehow the talk turned upon china, glass, etc., and, incidentally the broken dish was spoken of by one of the sisters.

'Let me see it,' said Mrs. H., 'my mother has a few odd dishes, that belonged to a broken set, she does not particularly value. And this might be like hers.'

Mary ran and got the cracked dish.

'Why,' exclaimed Mrs. H., 'it's the very same! I can easily get you one to put in its place; come to my house this evening; I will have it there ready for you.'

A glance of wonder, joy and gratitude flashed from eye to eye as the sisters gazed speechless at each other! Was it a miracle? It was, said their reverent spirits, truly the work of his hands, upon whom they had called and in whom they had trusted!

'My mother does not care about having the things all alike,' so you can substitute any sort you please,' said Mrs. H., 'for the one she will gladly give you.'

The rest is soon told.

Martha and Mary went to the house of their new friend, taking along the value of the little dish, and soon returned with the counterpart of the broken one, now speedily returned to the sender of our treat, for it was one of the same.

Silence fell upon the little group; long they sat and pondered the touching narrative, for well they knew that every word was true.

Then Aunt Ann arose, and simply saying, 'We thanked him!' led them out upon the nice grassy lawn and left them; adding softly: 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered!'—Mrs. A. Smith Irvine, in the 'Mid-Continent.'

Her Resolve.

'So you are really home for good, Blanche, and school-days are over. How glad Mrs. Rivers must be to have you!'

'Yes,' answered Blanche, 'mother is very glad for me to be home; but, Ida, is it wrong for me to be sorry?' and a pretty blush spread over the young girl's face.

'Sorry your school-days are over, dear; but glad to be at home with your mother, surely?'

'No, Ida, I'm not; Mr. Fisher's sermon this morning made me think, and I knew I was really sorry to have to live at home.'

'Dear Blanche, don't talk like that,' said Ida; 'come round to tea with me after school,

and we will have a quiet talk before service to-night.'

'At any rate, I am glad to live near you,' said Blanche, as she left her friend and walked up the path to the house.

A fretful voice greeted her: 'Do come to dinner, Blanche, we are all waiting, and the children must be in Sunday-school by two o'clock.'

'Mother, are you always busy?' said Blanche when the little ones had gone, and she and her mother were alone. 'Have you no time in the day for yourself?'

'How can I when there are eight of you for me to care for,' sighed Mrs. Rivers; 'but now I shall have a little rest. Oh, Blanche! no one knows how I have longed to have you, my eldest born, at home.'

'Then I am glad to be here, mother, and I will try and help you all I possibly can,' and the young girl kissed her mother's worn, thin face.

Mrs. Rivers glanced up into her daughter's face with a look of grateful love, as she said, 'I don't forget what a change it is to you, my child, to leave your school friends and come back to the busy home life; but love will make everything easier, and we will try and bear each other's burdens.'

'And so fulfil the law of Christ,' added Blanche in a low voice. I do want to do it, mother dear, and you will help me, for it will be hard sometimes.'

'Home life needs much patience, dear,' said Mrs. Rivers; 'but the secret is ever looking unto Jesus. "Even Christ pleased not himself."'

'You look a different girl, Blanche, since this morning,' said Ida, as they sat in the pleasant rectory parlor, 'why is it?'

'Oh, Ida, mother and I have had such a nice talk this afternoon. I was wrong to say what I did this morning; I forgot the long years mother has been everything to us, and how often she must have missed dear father; and you don't know what good resolutions I have made to be a real, good, helpful daughter to her.'

'Bravo, young lady,' said the Rector, who had come in to hear the end of Blanche's long sentence. 'A good resolution made in God's name will have a lasting effect,' and he laid his hand lovingly on the girl's head.

'It was your sermon, Mr. Fisher, that helped me to do it. Will you pray that I may not fail?' The three knelt together while the Rector prayed for his young parishioner, and then they walked up the yew-decked paths to the old parish church.—'Our Darlings.'

Helped.

(Sally Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

(In Two Parts.)

PART II.

(Concluded.)

'You know what he wears, don't you?' said Trevor.

'Oh, I say, that's too bad!' remonstrated Alonzo Brown.

'I am poor myself,' said Trevor, 'but I am not silly enough to be as poor as Macon is. It takes too much time and labor. If he couldn't help it, I should feel sorry for him; I'd be glad to do it. But as it is, it makes me mad. It is so mortally uncomfortable and unnecessary!'

'He will go in for the debate, won't he?'

'He will; he must. Oh, yes, he will! There isn't any money in it, only glory. Glory is respectable.'

'Perhaps he is a little daft on this one subject,' suggested Jerry.

'I never saw anyone less daft on every other,' answered Trevor, gloomily.

'It is so peculiar,' said Alonzo Brown, 'and Macon is so pig-headed about it (he'll not even try for an essay prize if it is in cash) that sometimes,' Alonzo hesitated and looked diffidently round the group as though ashamed to put his idea into words, 'I wonder whether, if we knew his reason, we might not take off our hats and go softly before it, it would be so fine and high up. Macon doesn't strike one as little.'

The night of the debate was a night of triumph to Richard. Friend and foe alike were agreed that the honors of the occasion were his. All the college went wild in jubilation. For several years past they had suffered defeat, which, it must be confessed, they had not borne patiently. Victory they understood much better. They made the most of it; and Richard was at its heart.

When at last the red fires had burned out and the shouts and songs had ceased, and the crowds were gone, Richard stood at his window, looking over the moonlit campus. A jumble of pleasant thoughts was in his mind; he did not try to disentangle them. But as he turned away into his plain, little room, he murmured, half aloud:—

'I owe my education entirely to father. He has paid for everything. He has earned it all. Father is doing better.'

Yes, even Luther Macon's neighbors had awakened to the fact that he was doing better. Lew Emmett had known it for months. Mr. Macon's own belief in it came slowly and was full of tremors and uncertainty. To-night he had counted up his chances, as he had often done of late.

'There's my work. It must be done. If it isn't, I break my promise to Mary. Poor Mary, it is the only promise I ever made her that has not been broken yet! Then there is Lew. The boy stands by me. He has held me back many a time when I was ready to give up, and he has pulled me together again after I did give up, and when I thought that it was all over with me at last forever. And there is Richard. Who am I to have such a son? It was always wonderful after his mother died that he should be what he was. Now—' Mr. Macon slipped his hand into his pocket and touched the letter that was there.

It was the shortest of all Richard's letters. It was kept apart from all the others. On more than one black day, when Lew's influence was nothing and work was set aside and Mary was forgotten, the words of this letter yet robbed the Eagle Tavern of its customer.

'Sometimes,' said Luther Macon, his lined face brightening wistfully, 'sometimes I can hope, I can even feel almost sure that Richard and Lew's mother are right, that, better than every other chance, there is—God.'

Upon a lovely spring afternoon, Trevor Gale asked Richard to go for a walk. He had failed to find Alonzo or Jerry or any of his usual companions, and finally he had thought of Richard.

'I'll try him for the sake of research,' he had decided. 'It would be interesting to discover the explanation of him.'

But he soon forgot to be analytical. Richard was not only elated by Trevor's invitation, but he felt in other ways that things were going well with him, very well, indeed, and his light-heartedness overflowed. Lew Emmett knew him to be capable of such moods. Trevor Gale, in his heart, had grudgingly suspected that he was.

It was growing late when they came back. When they reached the campus gates, a little crowd of students and street boys were collected about a man whose high, husky tones dominated their questions and laughter.

'Who is this merry gentleman?' said Trevor. 'He is as drunk as a lord!'

The casual words were hardly spoken when a startled instinct drew his gaze to Richard's face. It was white to the lips; but his eyes were level and his head was high.

'He is my father!' said Richard, in a voice that carried to the rollicking circle about Luther Macon and stopped their mirth instantly. The drunken man's babblings filled their silence.

Richard walked through the path that the crowd made for him. He put his arm about the abject figure.

'Come, father,' he said, quietly.

Boys and students dispersed in haste. Trevor was left alone. An intuition came to him.

'It has been to pump manhood into that poor wreck that Macon has lived so meanly! He would not spoil the appeal that his need of support made to his father by adding a penny of his own to it. And I have dared to criticise him!'

Trevor remembered the guess that Alonzo Brown had one day hazarded as to the possible nature of Richard's 'reason.' Smiling a little, albeit gravely, he took his hat off and went bareheaded down the walk by which Richard and his father had disappeared.

'The fellow is a prince!' said Trevor to himself, 'Just now he was superb!'

The next day was Sunday. Richard went to chapel; he did not like to stay in his room, as though he watched his father. Seeing him in his place, Trevor Gale turned away from the chapel door and went to Richard's room. In Richard's absence, he introduced himself to Mr. Macon and stopped with him for perhaps five minutes. Then he hurried back to the service, slipping into his pew as the clergyman began the Scripture lesson.

'One can say a good deal in five minutes,' Trevor reflected, complacently. 'It occurred to me that it might cheer the old man up a little to hear how Macon stands in college, and how persistently he harps on his indebtedness to him.'

When, after chapel, Richard opened the door of his room, his father rose to met him.

'Richard, my son,' said Luther Macon, 'your mother would be very proud of you. Please God, the day is coming yet when neither Mary nor you need be ashamed of me.'

It was on this same Sunday that Lew Emmett said to his mother:

'If you and father are still willing, I should like to go to college in the fall.'

'But,' questioned Mrs. Emmett, anxiously, 'do you think that you could possibly get ready?'

'I am ready,' said Lew.

His mother was bewildered. How could this beautiful thing be true?

'I don't understand,' she murmured. 'How have you learned? Who has taught you?'

'Mr. Macon,' answered Lew.

Cheerfulness.

'Tis well to work with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call;
With a friendly glance and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.
—Selected.

Bessie from Boston, and Hollandaise Jan.

(By Warwick James Price.)

Janet of Dykeland, plump of mien,
Was fresh from across the water.
'Your dress is the shortest I've ever seen!'
She gasped to Dame Boston's daughter.

Boston Elizabeth dipped and bowed,

As they do in the old-time tableaux;
Said she: 'If, please, I may be allowed,
Why do you wear those sabots?

Courtesy and question and fleeting smiles
Came crowding on one another;
While each, in the matter of present styles,
Stood wondering at the other.
—'The Pilgrim.'

Tumble Bugs.

(By Martha C. Rankin, in 'Congregationalist.')

'O, Tom, come here and see these funny bugs! They're trying to roll a little ball and they're doing it the queerest way you ever saw. Do come and look,' called George White, who was spending his first summer in the country with his cousin Tom. 'Just see! One of them climbs up on the top of the ball and pulls it along with his hind feet and the other stands on his head and kicks it. What do you suppose they are trying to do?'

'O, I don't know,' replied Tom. 'They're tumblebugs. I've often seen them. It's lots of fun to knock the ball away and see them run for it. Look now!' and Tom hit the round ball and sent it spinning several feet away, the poor bug on top hanging on for dear life. The other bug hurried quickly after his mate, evidently in great distress.

'My! how mad they are!' said George. 'They don't sting or anything, do they?'

'O, no, Goosie! They won't

hurt you,' replied Tom, who put on a great many airs because he knew more about country life than George did.

After a good deal of difficulty, the queer bugs got things straightened out to their satisfaction and started once more on their difficult journey. Again Tom sent the ball flying, making the poor, shining black beetles more distracted than ever.

'Do you know what is in that little brown ball, boys?' said a voice close beside them, and the boys looked up to see a wise looking man who had evidently been watching them.

'I was just wondering,' said George, 'and wishing I knew why they care so much about it. It looks to me like nothing but manure.'

'Yes, it is manure,' he answered, 'but it contains something very precious to them. If you had begun watching them sooner, you might have seen an egg deposited in the manure and watched them roll it up into this hard ball.'

'But why do they make such hard work of rolling it?' asked George. It would be lots easier if they would both get behind and push it with their feet.'

'I've often wondered myself,' replied the gentleman, 'why these curious beetles make themselves so much unnecessary work, and wished that I could give them a few points. But no doubt they have some reason for their ways if we could only find it out.'

'But why do they roll the ball anyway?' persisted George. 'What are they going to do with it?'

'If you watch them long enough, you will see them bury it in the ground, but why they roll it so far, I'm sure I don't know. I've sometimes seen them roll it for two hours before they buried it. So you see they have to work hard enough without your making them any extra trouble,' and he looked at Tom.

'I never supposed 'twas anything,' said he, 'or that it made any difference where it went.'

'You'll find, my boy,' was the reply, that there's usually a reason for every thing in nature, and you can learn a great deal by watching the bugs and birds and other creatures that you see every day about you.'

'Does it take long for the egg to hatch?' asked George.

'Not very, and the manure with which it is surrounded furnishes food for the baby beetle which soon finds itself strong enough to dig its way out and before long is as big a tumblebug as his father;' and the stranger passed on while the boys continued to watch the beetles.

After they had pushed and tugged their burden over many hard places, one of them got right under it and began to burrow and dig, and pulled the ball after him till both beetle and ball were out of sight. It was some time before he came up again, so the boys judged that he had made the hole still deeper.

'I can't see why animals are so queer!' said Tom. 'I could most always pick out better places than the birds do for their nests, and now these old tumblebugs have taken the worst place they could find to bury their egg.'

''Tis funny,' returned George, 'but I suppose we think so because we don't know their reasons. But

wasn't it lucky that man happened to come along just then?'

'Mighty lucky for the tumble-bugs! And now that I know how hard they have to work, I shan't bother them again.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Gertie's Tea Party.

(By Alice T. B., aged 12.)

It was about a week before Gertie Thompson's tenth birthday, and she was very happy. Her mother had told her that on that day she could have a number of her friends in, and they would make some new clothes for Vivian, Gertie's doll.

A few days before her birthday Gertie sat in the library with a very thoughtful expression on her usually bright face. A bottle of purple ink and some pale pink writing-paper lay before her. She was wondering who she would invite, and she felt very important when mother had told her she could write the invitations all by herself.

She was gazing out of the window, her hands gently tapping the table, in a very aimless manner, when a poor, ragged girl hurried across the street carrying a heavy baby. Gertie knew this girl. She lived near them in a dirty little house, where the windows were stuffed up with rags and papers, which gave it a very untidy appearance. The girl's father gathered rags and bones, but did not find it very profitable and had fallen into low, untidy habits. There were six children and this one, whose name was Jane, was the oldest. She was 12 years old, Olive and Mary (twins) were nine then came Georgie seven, Louie five, and the baby, Ross, whom Jane was carrying.

When Jane was lost to Gertie's sight, Gertie ran to the room where her mother was busy writing letters, exclaiming joyfully: 'Mother, I'm not going to have Violet Mills and those girls to my party; I am going to have that Smith family instead. I know they'll like it, and you'll see what a nice time I will make them have.'

'I am very glad my dear" replied Mrs. Thompson. 'I have often thought we ought to do something for them. But run away now, mother is busy.'

When Gertie had left the room, Mrs. Thompson said to herself, 'I am not going to help Gertie at all and see how she will manage.'

In the meantime Gertie had written an invitation on one of the pretty sheets of paper and was putting on her hat and cloak so as to take it over.

Mrs. Smith answered the door and was very much surprised when Gertie gave her the envelope with the words, 'Here is an invitation for the children to come to my party.'

When they did get it, they could hardly keep from jumping, and Jane was especially pleased because it was written to her.

Gertie was the only child in the family, and she had many toys and presents given to her, which when they were the least bit damaged, were put up in an old trunk in the attic and not looked at again.

The day before her birthday Gertie went up to the attic with her arms full of toys. She was going to give them to the Smith's, and she had labels with their names on, which she intended to put on the parcels.

A doll with one arm off, which was dressed prettily in brown, was to be mended and given to Olive; a story book out of which a few pages were torn, which Gertie pasted in was for Mary; a horn and a cow that would 'moo' for Georgie, a box of puzzle pictures for Louie, a rattle for the baby and a book entitled 'Daisy's Mission,' for Jane.

The morning of Gertie's birthday dawned brightly, and Gertie was awake very early, so that she could accomplish many things. She wanted the Smith's to have a fine time and she set about preparing at once.

She went to the bank that contained her spending money and brought out thirty cents. With this she bought, at the nearest store, some oranges and candies, which she intended to have that evening.

That afternoon at three o'clock, five of the Smith's were seen coming up the sidewalk. Gertie met them at the door. Jane said she was very sorry, but baby could not come.

After Gertie had played a piece on the piano for them, she gave the small ones a box of puzzles while she and Jane played a game.

Before tea she took them out to see the pony, showed them the chickens and flowers, and gave them each a yellow rose off her own bush.

The simple meal of ham, creamed potatoes, fresh buns and cake, was eaten with great relish by the Smith children.

After this was over Gertie gave them each their present, telling them they were not to open it till they got home. Each one was given an orange and some candies, and the baby's share of these and his present was to be sent home with Jane.

While they were eating these, Mrs. Thompson came in with a large bag of chestnuts, and they roasted and ate these, while Gertie read the story of 'Cinderella' and 'Jack and the Bean Stock,' which the Smith's had never heard before, and which they enjoyed immensely.

Baby was not forgotten here either and his share was sent in a large basket which contained bread, butter, a cake, and some jam from Mrs. Thompson to Jane's mother.

The children said they had a 'jolly' time and thanked Gertie repeatedly.

After they had gone, Gertie climbed up on her mother's knee, saying, 'Mother, I'm so happy, I think they had a nice time, don't you?'

'Yes, I am sure, my dear, but run and see what I have for you in the library.

When Gertie came back, her joy knew no bounds, for there was a pink silk bonnet and dress for her dear doll Vivian.

That night before Gertie went to sleep, she knew the old saying that mother had often told her was true, 'The truest happiness comes from making others happy.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is August, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 27.

JEREMIAH IN THE DUNGEON.

Jeremiah xxxviii., 1-13.

Golden Text.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. v., 10.

Commit verses 1-10.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 21.—Jer. xxxviii., 1-13.
Tuesday, Aug. 22.—Jer. xxxvii., 1-10.
Wednesday, Aug. 23.—Jer. xxxvii., 11-21
Thursday, Aug. 24.—Jer. xxxviii., 14-23.
Friday, Aug. 25.—Jer. xxxix., 1-10.
Saturday, Aug. 26.—Jer. xxxix., 11-18.
Sunday, Aug. 27.—Jer. xxi., 1-13.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The keenest torture Jeremiah suffered was the imputation cast upon his loyalty. Stocks, nor bastinado, nor dungeon, nor hunger were to be compared to this. To have to appear equivocal would be bad enough; but to seem actually favorable to the enemy of his nation, and that, too, after the foe had raised the siege, was almost unendurable. How could he make it appear that he had not been subsidized by the Chaldean? Yet the prophet stood the fiery ordeal with sublime fortitude and patience.

His enemies soon found an opportunity to bring the case to an issue. Jeremiah was of Anathoth, of the tribe of Benjamin. The time of distributing the tithes among the priests of that locality was at hand. He could go and bring his share. The distance was only four miles. He would then have some store against the renewal of the siege. He was following the dictate of practical wisdom. But he was arrested in the gate. Hananiah's grandson had a sweet revenge as he laid his violent hands upon the prophet (Jer. xxviii., 16), with the charge of desertion to the enemy.

A king of Israel, when advised to consult a certain prophet, exclaimed: 'I hate him, for he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil.' (I. Kings xxii., 8.) It is easy to transfer our resentment against the message to the messenger. Jeremiah was odious because he carried an offensive communication. Nor were his terms always general. He had once likened the very princes into whose hands he fell to a basket of rotten figs. They were in a rage against him. They did him personal violence. In a star-chamber session they condemned him to a dungeon as a traitor.

Once the darkness of his dungeon was broken, as he was carried secretly to the palace and asked by the king for a word from the Lord. He was in a weakened physical state through his long confinement with scant allowance of food. He was taken at the same disadvantage that many a so-called heretic has suffered since before heartless inquisitors. Think you not the tempter was at hand to suggest, 'Speak a smooth word, or at least equivocate. Answer with a "double entente." You won't have to go back to the dungeon. On the contrary, your popularity will be restored. You may even be promoted to office.' But none of these things moved him; neither counted he his life dear unto himself, so only he could be true to his message and to him that sent him.

Even after he speaks the doom of Judah, he ventures to appeal to the king, who will exercise his powers so brief a time. 'Where is the king's sense of justice?' Jeremiah vindicates his own character. The imperious prophet condescends to supplicate. He does not propose to suffer more than he has to. He does not appeal entirely in vain.

How soon turned the wheel of fortune. Zedekiah finds himself in a dungeon. Jeremiah is free. He who saves his life shall lose it. He who loses, shall save

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. The prophet's trying plight. His loyalty impeached. Steadfastness in the mental ordeal.

2. His physical sufferings. Stocks, whipping-post, dungeon, short allowance of food. Steadfastness in bodily ordeal.

3. Unnecessary suffering not courted. Mitigation sought and secured. Manly and honest means only used.

4. Providential reversal. King in dungeon. Prophet free.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The penal inflictions of that early age were cruel in the extreme. They were hateful and vindictive. For example, the prophet was not given solitary confinement in a dungeon; that would have been comparatively merciful. Instead he was lowered into a partly empty cistern. In the murky sediment he could find no footing. The foul miasma choked him. It was slow death. Capital punishment would have been merciful in comparison.

The treatment of prisoners is one test of the advance of civilization. Penology is a recognized science—an important branch of sociology. The underlying principle of reformation, not vengeance.

The last king on Judah's throne was a phantom king. He cravenly admitted himself to be a cipher. He ruled in a shadowy way over the ghostly remnants of a great nation.

The glorious figure of one great patriot rises in the universal gloom. He has been called the weeping prophet. His tears were vicarious. Not for self, but for his nation. Though he wept, he did not sit disconsolate amid the ruins. He valiantly stood for the best which the situation afforded. His constancy is admirable.

Dante liked Jeremiah and was like him. Their situations were much alike. Florence was in some respects the mate to Jerusalem.

Jeremiah, more than any other, taught by object lessons. Like hiding the girdle in Babylon, breaking the potter's vessel, his baskets of good and rotton figs, his offering of wine to the Rechabites, and his purchase of the land on which the Chaldean army was encamped.

The prophecy of Jeremiah as a book of devotion stands next to the Psalms. It is an invaluable aid to spirituality.

The tradition that the Cyrenian who helped Jesus bear his cross was a Negro is now generally discarded, but that it was a Negro who rescued Jeremiah admits of no question. He did it tenderly as well as efficiently. He thoughtfully provided that the prophet should not be cut by the ropes in being drawn out.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 27.—Topic—Mission work among women. Acts xvi., 13-18; Titus ii., 3-5. (Home and foreign fields.)

One of the greatest epochs of human history opened with a woman's prayer-meeting. It was the passage of Christianity from Asia to Europe. The first convert was a woman. The most successful approach to unchristianized countries is still through women. The Church is therefore to be congratulated upon the phenomenal growth and efficiency of the Women's Missionary Societies.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A CITY CONQUERED.

Monday, Aug. 21.—Keeping the passover. Josh. v., 10-12.

Tuesday, Aug. 22.—Joshua's vision. Josh. v., 13-15.

Wednesday, Aug. 23.—Joshua's orders. Josh. vi., 1-15.

Thursday, Aug. 24.—The procession. Josh. vi., 6-16.

Friday, Aug. 25.—The city destroyed. Josh. Josh. vi., 17-21.

Saturday, Aug. 26.—Rahab saved. Josh. vi., 22-25.

Sunday, Aug. 27.—Topic—A city conquered. Josh. vi., 12-20.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

'On to the Ministry.'

It is worth a great deal for a lad to have his life-plant cut out early. It gives direction and value to all he undertakes. It deepens his sense of his own value.

Many people are doubtless looking forward to specific and strenuous service for Jesus Christ. A lad known to the writer, not twelve years of age, has become so interested in this matter that he has laid out his life-plan. He has a little desk at home, peculiarly his own, in which he lays away his Sunday-school papers, his Bible, and everything that pertains to his Sunday-school life. His present intention is to be a minister. He has written out, and pasted on the front of his desk, the words at the top of this article, 'On to the ministry.'

What have you written out and placed in front of your life? What is its great plan and future? To what great cause will you give your energy and strength? What hinders your consecration to the specific work of missions or the ministry? Are you seeking a place where your life will do the most good, irrespective of what it costs you?—'Christian Age.'

Need of a Programme.

Have a good programme of work. Then when you stand before your class, you will not feel perplexed as to 'what comes next,' but will know just what to do. Neither will you be in danger of spending too much time over one thing to the neglect of something else. Your work will be well balanced, and each part of it will receive attention.

As to the plan of your lesson, let it be arranged with reference to one definite thought. Then let your hymns, illustrations, lesson story, prayer, all serve to emphasize and impress this thought. In this way the truth will be driven home.

Arrange, too, for your opening and closing exercises, for the offering, and for such supplementary work as you may have, and see that due prominence is given to each part.

If you follow your programme, there will be no halt in your work. You will be able to pass from one exercise to another with ease, and without loss of time. You will also find that a programme will tend to preserve order. Children like to see things running smoothly, and the fact that you are mistress of the situation will greatly increase their respect for you.

It may be that your memory is good, and that you think it can be depended upon. It is not well, however, to trust entirely to it, lest it should play you false.—'Evangelical S. S. Visitor.'

Illustrations of Giving.

Andrew Fuller once asked an old friend for money for missions. The friend said: 'I will give you five pounds, Andrew, seeing it is you.' Fuller handed it back. 'I will take nothing,' he said, 'seeing it is I.' The man saw the point, and replied: 'Andrew, you are right. Here are ten pounds, seeing it is for the Lord Jesus!'

Two working girls, of Providence, R.I., decided one day to walk between their homes and the factory, thus saving ten cents a day, and supporting their own native preacher at $30 a year. When they told of their plan, their faces shone as if they had just found a gold-mine.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

JULY.

Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace. Isa. lv., 12.

2.
Flossie Eva Sullivan.

3.
Annie E. Williston.

4.
W. R. S.

9.
Thomas D. Hetchcoate.

12.
Marion L. White. Lawrence Cameron.

14.
Lottie Muntz. Lizzie May Marr.

15.
Harry Nelson.

18.
Marion Weldon.

19.
Johnnie McDonald.

20.
Roy C. B. I. G. L. J. Babkirk.

22.
Christina A. McKinnon.

AUGUST.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth and even for evermore. Ps. xxi., 8.

4.
Ethel B. R.

7.
Imerle Dyer. Jennie Bailey.

15.
Georgina Helen Thompson.

19.
D. M. C.

20.
Marguerite B. C.

25.
Olive Mabel Burdette.

31.
Dora E. S.

M., P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to this paper before, and saw my letter in print. In the number of June 16, a girl named Alberta G. said she wondered if any person's birthday was on the same date as her birthday, Dec. 25. My brother Arthur's birthday is on this date. Another person, this time a boy, either Harold M. or Leslie M., said he wondered if anybody's birthday was on the same date as his. My twin sisters are on this date, April 25, and they are eleven years old. I enjoy reading the Boys' and Girls' Page, and enjoy the letters. I have not drawn for this paper yet. I am very much interested with the drawings on this page. I think that is a very beautiful story about 'How the Yellowbird Told' and 'Pauline's June Walk.' Also 'Amalia the Little Fish-Seller.' We have all enjoyed the 'Messenger' lately. I take music lessons, so do my two sisters and my brother. I am going to tell you some of the books I have read; but by no means the last. They are: 'Black Beauty,' 'Elsie Dinsmore,' 'Grandfather's Chair,' 'The Pillar of Fire,' 'How the Children Raised the Wind,' 'Little King Davie,' 'What Katy Did Next,' 'Choice Selections and Recitations' (J. Cole), 'Jessica's First Prayer,' 'Little Fishers and their Nets,' 'Teddy's Button,' 'The Little Organist of Saint Jerome,' 'Left with a Trust,' 'Susy's Six Teachers,' 'Line upon Line' (part 1 and part 2), 'The Child's Life of Christ,' 'The Child's History of Canada,' 'Adventures in Africa,' 'The Adventures of a Brownie,' 'Andersen's Fairy Tales.' I suppose you will think I am too fond of books; but really I am. I have read all these and many others. Please excuse spelling if any errors, but I do not think there are any.

ELIZABETH READ (age 12).

R., Assa.

Dear Editor,—In Vera H. K.'s letter she asks if anyone knows where reverend was found. It is found in Psalm cxi., 9, and it is only mentioned once.

K. B. J. (age 12).

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger. I would like to see this letter in print. I live on a farm. Our place is called W., and is about five miles from M. We have a pretty big farm. I have taken the 'Messenger' a long time, and I just love it. I have one sister, whose name is Olive, and two brothers, their names being Leonard and Elder. They help papa on the farm. We have a great number of different animals. We have horses and some dear little colts. They are great pets; we also have cows and calves, and some big pigs. They are not very pretty; but we have some nice little ones. We have a great many hens and chickens. I have a dog, and his name is Painter. He is a very good watch-dog, and he follows me everywhere I go. I go to the day-school, and our teacher is very nice. We are having our holidays just now. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday; our church is a Congregational one. I think I will close. With love.

EVA B. McEWAN (age 7).

S., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a large farm. There are copper mines here. I have two sisters, Hazel, age 7, and Dorothy, two years old. We have five dolls and a doll's carriage, and we have good times playing together. I have a picture-book forty years old. The following are verses that are in it:—

'MARY IS OUR PRECIOUS CHILD.'

Mary is our precious child,
Graceful, modest, meek and mild;
Brushes tidily her hair,
Ties her dress and shoes with care.

And her frock she puts away,
Not at all in slattern way;
Tumbled, rumpled, puckered there?
No, they're folded smooth and fair.

Sewing neatly oft she sits,
And the little creature knits,
Keeps her thimble in the box,
Oft the baby's cradle rocks.

Cheerfully she runs to bring
To her mother anything;
Through the house the whole day long,
Like a bird in merry song.

I have a cousin who lives in R., Vermont, and she also takes your paper.

MARION JOACHIM.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. I get the 'Messenger' at the Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading it very much. I have one sister and two brothers. For pets I have two cats and one dog. I saw Vera H. K.'s letter asking if any of the 'Messenger' readers knew where the word reverend was to be found in the Bible. It is in the 111th Psalm, verse 9. It only occurs once in the Bible. Now, I wonder if any of the 'Messenger' readers can tell me where the middle verse of the Bible is.

GERTIE E. LONG.

W. L.

Dear Editor,—I noticed one of my letters in the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write again. I am sending ten cents for Dr. Grenfell's Labrador Mission Cot. I have seen lots of children's names in the cot list. I like to look at the drawings. I have three or four beds of flowers, with forget-me-nots, daisies, pansies, sweet peas, poppies, peonies and other flowers. It is lovely weather now for going in bathing. I have not been in yet, but am going in soon. I am twelve years of age, and am four feet eight and one-half inches in height. I have brown hair, brown eyes, weigh about seventy-five pounds. I have not been to school since the Christmas holidays. I stayed home to help mother with the work. I am in the fifth book, seventh grade. I have found quite a lot of wild strawberries this year. I am very fond of any kind of berries. I am also fond of all animals, especially dogs, cats, horses, ponies and birds (canaries, parrots and others). I do not ride a bicycle as some children do. Our nearest neighbor has a dear little puppy dog called Fonce, and two kittens, named Tabby and Patchy. I would love to have a talking parrot.

MARION MacLEOD.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school, and am in the third class. I live on a farm. My father keeps a store. We have for pets four kittens and their mother. We have seven calves to feed and seven cows to milk. We have a cream separator. The cows' names are Beauty, Lassie, Cherrie, Blossom, Nellie, Rosy and Judy. I have only one brother, whose name is Roland. I have no sisters at all. I have three or four dolls, a little trunk to put their clothes in and a carriage to wheel them around in. We have taken the 'Messenger' for some time, and think very much of it. I think we would be lost without it. We have two little ponies. My cousin has a side saddle. She has not been on it very much. The ponies' names are Bird and Daisy. I have not read very many books, but I have read some: 'Hiawatha,' 'The Indian,' 'The Red Shawl,' 'Fables from Aesop,' and 'Golden Deeds.' My birthday comes on Dec. 10.

ELIZA MORRISON.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I read of Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador, and I thought I would like to send fifty cents for the Labrador Cot Fund. I have read the 'Messenger' since I was six years old, and I am nine now. I like it very much.

JEAN DUNCAN.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Caring for the Flowers.' Vera Hamilton (9), N. B., Iowa.
2. 'A Happy Pair.' Ethel M. McCullock (12), N. B., Ont.
3. 'Sums.' Elizabeth V. Galbraith (9), N. B.
4. 'Enjoying Life. Mary G. (10), A. C., Ont.

The Licensed Dog.

A man had a dog that was vicious and vile,
He was ugly and black as could be;
He bit every creature that came in his way,
And he grew big and fat on the blood of his prey,
Till people were frightened, but what could they say?
The man kept the law, don't you see!

He paid his dog tax with so honest an air,
You'd think him a saint in disguise;
The people looked on and said: 'I declare,
The life of that dog we must surely spare,
We need all the taxes or else we'd despair'
(And here they all groaned and looked wise).

'We must pay up the doctor and funeral bills—
They've been very heavy of late;
So many were bitten, so many have died,
We need all the taxes,' those wiseacres cried;
'We'll make them still higher, we'll not be denied;
The man's love for his dog is so great.'

The owner consented with radiant smiles,
And the dog, with permission given,
Went on with his work of destruction and woe;
And owner and dog the bolder did grow,
Till the streets with the blood of the victims did flow,
While their wailing ascended to heaven.

Then the people opened their eyes at last;
'We've made a mistake,' they cry;
'We must kill that dog, or our fate is sealed,
We'll have that odious law repealed;
The taxes haven't the matter healed;
That blood-thirsty dog must die.'

So they went to work with a right good will
(For the people's word was law),
And that dog soon slept his last long sleep,
And they buried him in a grave so deep
That the thunder of ages might over him sweep
But he never would move a paw.
—'Waif.'

Do Something to Stop It.

At the national meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Philadelphia, one of the members told the story of an unhappy mother, a wealthy woman, who wished to send a message to her son in prison. Said the speaker:

'She handed me a picture, and told me to show it to him.

'I said, "This is not your picture!"

'"Yes," she said, "that is mine before he went to prison; and here is one taken after I had had five years of waiting for Charley."

'I went with those two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune time. He was in the dark cell. The keeper said he had been in there twenty-four hours; but, in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell and announced a lady from his mother. There was no reply.

'"Let me step in," I said.

'There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale College sat.

'Said I, "Charley I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother, and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her."

'"Don't mention my mother's name here," he said. "I will do anything if you will go." As he walked along the cell, I noticed that he reeled.

'Said I, "What is the matter?"

'He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours.

'They brought him something, and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread without any butter, and, I think, a tin cup of coffee. By and by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his own mother's picture, and he looked at it and said:

'"That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world."

'He pressed it and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it.

'"Who is that?" he asked.

'"That is your mother."

'"That my mother?"

'"Yes; that is the mother of the boy I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting for five years to see him."

'"O God!" he cried, "I have done it! No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it! Why don't you do something to stop it?"'—'Christian Mirror.'

Little Kathleen's Problem.

(Evelyn M. Wood Lovejoy, in the 'Union Signal.')

Kathleen Donahoe was twelve years old. Judging by her height, you would have really thought her to be not more than ten, but after a glimpse of her face with its look of care and anxiety, you would have said that she was already a woman; for even a little girl becomes a woman when she is set to solving a hard life-problem.

Kathlen's brother James was her problem. She had been his housekeeper for the past year, ever since their mother died. The neighbors said that James ought to put the little girl in some home where she could be properly cared for. She ought not to work so hard, they said, and that James was too fond of liquor, sometimes coming home in a dreadful condition. Kathleen told her brother the neighbors' talk.

'Shall you do it, Jimmie?' she asked, catching hold of his arm in her anxiety. For answer he took her on his knee.

'You do work too hard, Kathleen,' he said tenderly.

'No, I don't, Jimmie. I love to work. All the forenoon, I'm thinking how nice it'll be when you come home to dinner, and in the afternoon I have lots of time to rest. The evenings are the hardest, brother,' she half sobbed as she timidly patted his cheek.

'Yes, you're too much alone, Kathleen, but you know evenings is the only time I have to get a bit of enjoyment with my friends.'

'I know, Jimmie, but it isn't being alone, it's the—the fear——'

'The fear that I'll come home drunk. I know, Kathleen. The neighbors are right. I'm a brute, and not fit to take care of you. You must grow up a good girl, for mother's sake.'

The tears filled her eyes.

'I'm trying, Jimmie, but don't you think you ought to be a good man for mother's sake? You are good, Jimmie—all but the drink,' she added, nestling against him, 'and I don't want to leave you. You won't bind me out, will you, dear Jimmie?' she piteously begged.

'No,' answered he, strong with a new resolve. 'Kathleen, I'm going to try to be a good brother to you—and let rum alone. It'll be a tough fight, but you must help me, little sister,' won't you?'

'I will! I will!' she promised eagerly, 'and I'll ask God to help you, too, Jimmie.'

She fulfilled her promise. For two or three days James contentedly remained at home in the evening, and seemed to enjoy himself with reading and games, then he became restless, and Kathleen tried in every way to interest him and keep him from the saloon. She invited young people to play games, and she gave them lemonade or some other refreshment. Occasionally she went with him to a neighbor's to spend the evening, still he grew more and more gloomy, and finally he took to walking nervously about the room after his supper. Poor Kathleen! how she prayed, talking to God as she would talk to her mother, and begging him to tell her how she could save her brother.

Two weeks went by and the time came when the drink craze was at its maddening height. James had eaten no supper. His eyes were glittering, and his hands shook from the strain of the battle. He snatched up his hat.

'I'm going out for a minute,' he said hoarsely, moving toward the door.

Kathleen hurriedly brought him a cup of strong coffee from the table.

'Drink this first, Jimmie, dear,' she pleaded.

With a shamed face he gulped it down, and sank into a chair, where he sat for some minutes with his face in his hands. Kathleen crept up to him, and putting one arm round his neck, began to stroke his hair. For a half hour he was quiet, then he suddenly jumped to his feet, and without waiting for his hat he darted out of the door.

With a low cry Kathleen ran after him. She must save him! She must! The good God would let her save him somehow. James was running straight for the one saloon which the place held. Could she catch him? She must—she must! Panting for breath, sobbing and praying, on she ran. She heard not the shouts in the street—her eyes were on her brother, getting nearer and nearer that awful saloon. He was too frenzied to heed the shouts, but a girl's piercing cry of agony and despair made him halt and turn about. The next moment he was beside the unconscious form of little Kathleen, who had been knocked down by a runaway horse.

Back to their home he bore her, and laid her on her own little bed, nor would he let any one touch her except the surgeon, although many sympathetic neighbors came to help.

'How is it, doctor?' asked James huskily. There was no reply for a moment, while the surgeon took up his medicine case and opened it.

'The head escaped miraculously, and no bones are broken except the leg. We might manage that, if it were not for these wounds and the shock. A collapse is probable, but I cannot positively tell until she recovers consciousness.'

When the eyelids at last unclosed and she saw James bending over her, she smiled, although shaken with pain.

'Did you go into the saloon, Jimmie?' she whispered.

'Oh, Kathleen! Kathleen!' he groaned.

'Did you, Jimmie?' she persisted in a weaker whisper.

'No, little sister,' he answered, and saw a heavenly smile light up the pinched face at his assuring words.

'God did let me—save you, dear Jimmie,' she murmured with prophetic joy. Then she drew his hand to her lips and kissed it.

A few minutes later the tearful watchers heard her faintly ask as her eyes again opened: 'What shall I tell—mother, Jimmie?'

'Tell her,' he said, choking back the sobs, 'that with God's help I'll never touch another drop of liquor.'

Those who heard him, and knew his after life, believe that in that supreme moment a new manhood was born within James Donahoe.

'With—God's—help,' the smiling lips tried to repeat. A joy not of earth transfigured her face, and little Kathleen had gone to her new home.

Heart Beats.

Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praise of the 'ruddy bumper,' and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

'Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?' He did so. I said, 'Count it carefully; what does its say?' 'Your pulse says seventy-four.' I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so and said: 'Your pulse has gone down to seventy.' I then laid down on the lounge and said: 'Will you take it again?' He replied, 'Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!' I then said: 'When you lie down at night that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours and, within a fraction, it is 5,000 strokes difference; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night.

'When I lie down at night without any alcohol that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise the next day very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the "ruddy bumper," which you say is the soul of man below.'

HOUSEHOLD.

To Woman Who Toileth.

This wise bit of advice to busy women is given by Julia Anna Walcott in the 'Home Maker':

Place a spray in thy belt, or a rose on thy stand,
When thou settest thyself to a common-place seam;
Its beauty will brighten the work in thy hand,
Its fragrance will sweeten each dream.

When life's petty details most burdensome seem,
Take a book—it may give thee the solace thou'st sought,
And turn its leaves o'er till thou catchest the gleam
Of some gem from the deep mine of thought.

When the task thou performest is irksome and long,
Or thy brain is perplexed by a doubt or a fear,
Fling open the window, and let in the song
God hath taught to the birds for thy cheer.

And lean from the casement a moment, and rest;
While the winds cool thy cheek, glance thou up at the sky,
Where the cloud ships are sailing, like argosies blest;
Bright-winged, they pass lingeringly by.

Then, steal a fair picture of mountain or glen,
A smooth gliding streamlet through green meadows sweet;
Or, if thy lot's cast 'mong the dwellings of men,
Of some radiant face in the street.

Then carry it back to thy work, and perchance
'Twill remind of thy childhood, or sweetly recall
Some long faded page of thy bright youth's romance,
It may be the dearest of all.

Oh, a branch of wild roses the barrenest ledge
Maketh fit for a throne, while the blossoming vine
Will turn to a bower the thorniest hedge;
So will beauty make stern life divine.

The Habit of Not Feeling Well

Some people simply have a habit of not feeling well. They get up in the morning expecting to have a headache, and morning after morning they complain of headache, until it simply becomes a habit. If they stopped really to consider whether their head ached or not it may be they would find there was no headache at all. But they have simply got used to saying they have the headache and so they go on saying it morning after morning, headache or no headache.

Instead of sleeping in a well-ventilated room and getting out in the fresh air in the morning and taking in some deep breaths of air, they just settle down to whining about a headache. They keep this up until it becomes chronic.

And so it is with many other little ailments. They have got in the habit of having something the matter with them, some little pet ailment, and they wouldn't give it up for anything. Their friends have all learned just what this particular ailment is and know just what to inquire about, and they also know just about what answer they will get. Really many times this pet ailment gives its owner no trouble whatever, and he never even thinks of it unless he is asked about it or has a chance to talk about it. The truth is the pet ailment is a myth, existing only in the mind of the person who has adopted it.

It might be well for you just to watch yourself for a few days and see if you do not complain a great many times when there is really little or nothing the matter with you. Watch yourself when a friend greets you with 'How are you this morning?' Be careful that you do not commence saying that you have a wretchedly bad cold or you didn't sleep well last night and are feeling miserable, and so on, and so on.

Just habit, just simply a habit. You don't feel nearly as bad as you say you do, and as soon as you get through with your usual complaint you rattle away talking about something else and are totally unmindful of any ache or ailment of any sort. The truth is you really haven't anything to complain of. It is just a habit, a very bad habit of always saying there is something the matter.

Watch yourself, and if you find that you have this habit, commence at once to break it. Say you are feeling well, just fine, and then draw in three or four long, deep breaths and say it again. If there is any little pain or ache lurking around it will flee away in the face of your persistently denying it existence, and you will find yourself truly and wholly free from any ailments whatever.

Get into the habit of saying you are well and see if it is not a pleasanter and wholesomer habit than the habit of complaining about every little indisposition or temporary bad feeling.—'Medical Talk.'

Sick Room Lamps.

(Mrs. H. M. Woodward.)

When a very subdued light is required in the sick room, the following, which can be made at home, will answer every purpose. For a glass tumbler or a finger bowl crochet an open-work bag in which it can be slipped, having ribbon or cord to hang it up by. Have a small triangle of tin made at a tin shop and press a small cork on each of the points. These will cause it to float when placed on the liquid. A small hole must be punched in the centre of the triangle, just large enough for a small candle wick to be pushed through.

Fill the glass half full of water, adding a little rosewater or violet perfume, then pour olive oil on top and light the wick. A very soft, subdued light is the result, and there will be the faintest suspicion of perfume in the air.

Another light which will answer the same purpose, but which is made in a different way, can also be easily made at home. Take a piece of candle about three inches long and after slightly warming a small wire nail, push it part way into the base of the candle. Be sure that it enters exactly in the centre, as it is is intended to balance the candle and keep it upright in the water. Fill the glass half full of water, place the candle in it in an upright position, and light it. As it burns, the candle of course becomes lighter, so it rises in the water as it grows shorter, and finally it is all burned and the nail falls to the bottom of the glass. This light, though not quite so dim as the other, is a very pleasant light for a sick-room.

The Mother's Influence.

President Timothy Dwight says that his mother 'received her children, from a very early period in their life, into a participation in her own thought and intellectual activity, and became to them, in this way, a continually stimulating force. She had what is called magnetic power, one of the most uncommon gifts, but a gift of the greatest importance when the education of others is the end to be attained. To live under her influence was an education in itself, and I may truly say that I owed more to her, in the matter of the awakening of my mental enthusiasm, than to any or all of the teachers of my childhood and youth.' He lays much stress on the educating influence of the family, and adds:—'The children of a household grow most easily and naturally into the religious life, not when the parents are always talking about it, and pressing it upon them, but when the atmosphere of the house is so full of religion that they do not think of living any other life.' The question, 'How I was educated,' he answers: 'I had the right mother.'

Selected Recipes.

Potato Salad.—This is a real German potato salad. Cut one-quarter of a pound of bacon in small dice and fry to a light brown. Have ready cold boiled potatoes, which you will slice and mix with two small chopped or sliced onions, and a little chopped parsley. Mix with a French dressing, and pour into the salad the fried bacon, fat and all. Toss thoroughly, and serve on lettuce leaves. Let it be well chilled before serving.

To Crystallize Cherries.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a froth in a basin, with one gill of cold water; have ready some fine, ripe cherries; take a few at a time, hold them by the stalks and dip into the egg; lay immediately on a sheet of white paper strewn with sifted white sugar, sprinkle more sugar over the cherries, and roll them about in it till thickly coated all over; leave on the paper till dry, then store, sprinkled with sifted sugar, in tins or boxes, in a very dry, cool place. Red currants can be treated in the same manner.

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